the subject. (Mr. ex-Secretary Daniels has just told us that the assertion of the right to establish a cable station on the Island of Yap is good ground for risking war, which in the past he has told us means "collapse of civilization". . . "end of humanity," etc., etc.) The specific issues about which nations fight are so little the real cause of the fight that they are generally completely forgotten when it comes to making the peace. The future of submarine warfare was not mentioned at Versailles. Given a certain state of mind, a difference about cables on the Island of Yap is quite sufficient to make war inevitable. We should probably regard it as a matter of national honor, concerning which there must be no argument. Another mood, and it would be impossible to get the faintest ripple of interest in the subject.

It was not British passion for Serbian nationality which brought Britain to the side of Russia in 1914. It was the fear of German power and what might be done with it, a fear wrought to frenzy pitch by a long indoctrination concerning German wickedness and aggression. Passion for the subjugation of Germany persisted long after there was any ground of fear of what German power might accomplish. If America fights Japan, it will not be over cables on Yap; it will be from fear of Japanese power, the previous stimulation of latent hatreds for the strange and foreign. And if the United States goes to war over Panama Canal tolls, it will not be because the millions who will get excited over that question have examined the matter, or possess ships or shares in ships that will profit by the exemption; it will be because all America has read of Irish atrocities which recall school-day histories of British atrocities in the American Colonies, because the "person," Britain, has become a hateful and hostile person, and must be punished and coerced.

War with either Japan or Britain or both is, of course, quite within the region of possibility. It is merely an evasion of the trouble which facing reality always involves, to say that war between Britain and America is "unthinkable." If any war, as we have known it these last ten years, is thinkable, war between nations that have already fought two wars is not unthinkable. And those who can recall at all vividly the forces which marked the growth of the conflict between Britain and Germany will see just those forces beginning to color the relations of Britain and America. Among those forces none is more notable than this: a disturbing tendency to stop short at the ultimate questions, a failure to face the ultimate causes of divergence. Among people of good will there is a tendency to say: "Don't let's talk about it. Be discreet. Let us assume we are good friends and we shall be. Let us exchange visits." In just such a way, even within a few weeks of war, did people of good will in England and Germany decide not to talk of their differences, to be discreet, to exchange visits. But the men of ill-will talked—talked of the wrong things—and sowed their deadly poison.

The present writer has attempted to suggest why neither side in the Anglo-German conflict came down to realities before the war. To have come to fundamentals would have revealed the fact to both parties that any real settlement would have asked things which neither would grant. Really to have guaranteed Germany's future economic security would have meant putting her access to the resources of India and Africa upon a basis of treaty, of contract. That would be for Britain the end of empire, as imperialists understood it. To have secured in exchange the end of "marching and drilling" would have meant the surrender of certain dominations, a recasting of patriotic ideals, a revolution of ideas.

Whether Britain and America are to fight may very well depend upon this: whether the blinder and more unconscious motives rooted in traditional patriotisms, and the impulse to the assertion of power, will work their evil before the development of ideas has brought home to us a clearer vision of the abyss into which we fall; before we have modified, in other words, our tradition of patriotism, our political moralities, our standard of values. Without that more fundamental change no scheme of settlement of specific differences, no platforms, Covenants, Constitution can avail, or have any chance of acceptance or success.

NORMAN ANGELL.

Liberia One Hundred Years After

LIBERIA today is at the parting of the ways. It was in February, 1820, that the first shipment of eighty-eight Negroes went forth under the joint auspices of the American Colonization Society and the United States Government; and on January 7, 1922, it will be exactly one hundred years since settlers first formally occupied land that is now Liberian territory. The country is thus approaching its centennial, and as it does, it finds itself face to face with very serious problems. Incidentally the situation affords opportunity for a peculiar testing of some of the principles of our own country.

It was on July 26, 1847, that, in an effort to

defend herself against England, Liberia issued a Declaration of Independence and adopted a Constitution. It may well be questioned if by this time she had sufficiently developed internally to be able to assume the duties and responsibilities of an independent power. There were only 4,500 people of American origin in the country; these were for the most part illiterate, and they were scattered along a coastline of more than three hundred miles. It is not to be supposed, however, that this consummation had been attained without much yearning and high spiritual fervor. Most of the Negroes in the United States had been opposed to colonization, and there was something pathetic in the effort for freedom of this small company, most of whose members had not been born in Africa, but for the sake of their race had made their way back to the fatherland. The seal of the new Republic bore the motto: The Love of Liberty Brought Us Here; and the flag, modeled on that of the United States, had six red and five white stripes for the signers of the Declaration, and in the upper corner next to the staff a lone white star in a field of blue.

Since 1847 the history of the country has naturally been very largely that of international relations. In fact, preoccupation with the questions raised by [illegible] neighbors has in some measure at least accounted for the comparatively slow internal development of the country. The shadow of England there has lowered constantly. For eighty years this great power has not ceased to intermeddle in Liberian affairs, brow-beating or cajoling as seemed at the moment most advisable. In 1882 she sent four gunboats to Monrovia and secured from President Gardiner a treaty giving up all Liberian rights to the Gallinhas territory from Sherbro Island to the Mafa River, in exchange for £4,750 and the abandonment of all other British claims. This agreement was really repudiated by the Liberian Congress, and in 1885, through the influence of the United States, the treaty was slightly modified, but its spirit was not changed, for in 1903-4 still another boundary was established on the west beyond which Liberia could not exercise jurisdiction. France, however, was not to be outdone by England. On the pretext of title deeds obtained by French naval commanders who visited the coast in 1890, in 1891 she put forth claims not only to the whole of the Ivory Coast but also to land as far away as Grand Bassa and Cape Mount; and under threat of force she compelled Liberia to accept the treaty of 1892, which for 25,000 francs and the relinquishment of all other claims permitted her to take all territory in question east of the Cavalla River. Meanwhile both England and France held over the Republic the threat that if the advance of the one was not stopped the other would have to seize more territory; and in 1907 a new treaty formally permitted France to occupy all of the territory seized by force. This power then immediately began to move on to more territory in the hinterland.

By 1907, because of the attitude of English officials in Monrovia, things finally reached a crisis. In 1908 a commission of representative Liberians came to ask the good offices of the United States, and a return commission went from America in 1909. One result of the visit of the American commission was the pooling of the liabilities of Liberia and the negotiation of an international loan of $1,700,000. This was not the first loan in Liberian history. In 1871 one of $500,000, negotiated with England, was nothing more than a thinly disguised plan of Liberian officials and English business men to defraud the country; and a loan of a similar amount in 1904-6 was simply a plan for the furtherance of the aims of the Liberian Development Company, an English concern that pretended to develop but that was really designed to exploit the interior and that was finally shown to have no resources whatever except those raised on the credit of the Republic. From neither of these loans did the country reap very much benefit, though it finally had to assume obligations for very nearly the full amounts. For the new loan of $1,700,000 the United States took final responsibility, and in 1912 an American "General Receiver of Customs and Financial Adviser to the Republic of Liberia" opened his office in Monrovia. Among the things proposed in connection with this loan were various internal improvements; but after the country's pressing obligations had been attended to, it was found that what was left was altogether inadequate for any work on a large scale. Accordingly in 1918 there was begun negotiation for a new loan, one of $5,000,000, and for the last three years this loan has been the one topic of conversation in the Republic, as everything depended on whether it "went through" or not. It became increasingly clear to the Liberian people, however, that the proposed operation of this loan would place American officials in strategic positions throughout the Republic and thus practically take the sovereignty of their country out of their own hands, though the ultimate burden would fall upon themselves. On the other hand they realized that England and France were "watchfully waiting" and ready on the slightest pretext to divide the country between them. Even in the face of this dilemma, however, the Liberian Congress last year decided that the Republic could not possibly accept the loan of $5,000,000 on the terms proposed; and

a commission headed by President Charles D. B. King has recently come to the country to see if a more honorable adjustment can not be made. In the last analysis the situation means that Liberia does not desire to fall prey to the devouring English lion, but with bleeding Haiti before her she is forced to wonder what is the real policy of the United States toward small nations and black people.

At the same time, in addition to the political, loom the pressing social and economic problems of the country. Unfortunately Liberia started off with the rather leisurely and false ideals of life that obtained in the old South. Today the Republic has hardly made a beginning in industrial development. Important also is the matter of health; nor have things been made better by the recent food shortage. Disease is prevalent, as it is all along the West Coast. It is quite possible, however, that from one source or another the country will have a hospital very soon.

These are only some of the questions with which one comes face to face in Liberia at the present time. The work in the churches is flourishing. On the other hand there is not sufficient emphasis on popular education. As there are no public schools, almost all that is done for education is under the auspices of the missionary institutions, among which those of the Episcopalians and the Methodists have been most prominent. While the enterprise of the denominational institutions can not be doubted, the question may well be raised if, in so largely relieving the people of the burden of the education of their children, they are not unduly cultivating a spirit of dependence rather than of self-help. At the same time, if we consider all the schools of every sort, and the natives as well as the Americo-Liberians, and if we further suppose that every school could accommodate twice as many students as now attend, even then there would not be school facilities for one child in ten in the Republic.

Mention of the natives calls to mind a great social problem into which all others somehow seem to merge. In a territory not larger than our own state of Pennsylvania a population of American descent numbering strictly not more than 16,000 holds under its central government a native population of more than a score of tribes numbering nearly 2,000,000 souls. The latter range all the way from the Mandingo and the Vai, with a Mohammedan background and a tradition that emphasizes the Koran, to the wild and tattooed Buzi and the cannibalistic Mano. In the early years the American settlers had frequent wars with these people, and it was but natural that in more recent years some feeling should survive. It is evident, however, that any large system of development or education will bring the native into greater prominence and that against this element the population of American descent will not finally be able to hold its own. The foremost Liberian leaders accordingly are more and more realizing that it is upon the tribesman that the real future of their country depends and that his education and care are accordingly matters of the highest national importance. When the governing class as a whole understands that its own future is wrapped up with that of the native, a new day will have dawned not only for this man but for the Americo-Liberian as well.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY.

BENJAMIN BRAWLEY is the Pastor of the Messiah Baptist Church, Brockton, Massachusetts. In 1920 he went to Africa under the auspices of the New York State Colonization Society. He is the author of several books, two of which, A Short History of The English Drama and A Social History of the Negro, are shortly to be published.

[illegible] about her mouth irresponsibly, irrepressibly, while her voice gurgled and bubbled. The fire was hot and glowing, staining bits of the wall and making ruddy puddles among the silver paraphernalia of tea things. Their faces too, were dyed red and seemed unreal, part of the fantastic delightfulness of this hour. The windows framed bright blue plaques of evening and a vase of poinsettias looked like a wonderful bunch of scarlet octopuses. She luxuriated in every detail of her happiness, taking a disproportionate pleasure in a bunch of lilies of the valley that lay on her lap and seemed to throw a web of fragrance over the room.

It didn't matter what either of them said. Everything was equally important and equally irrelevant. Sometimes she would have a little break of wit and he would applaud as if it were a turn. For a moment they would play the game of not being intimate in order to plunge ecstatically back again. Then:

"I must be back at half past seven," he said.

That sobered her.

"Have you ever thought of the rubato of time," she asked. "That though a clock is a metronome, no two hours are ever the same length?"

"Yes," he said. "The shortest are eternal."

They talked of things so banal that they would have disgraced a debutante at a dinner party and of things of so great a magnitude that it seemed ridiculous to mention them at all. And underneath it all ran the strong, swift current of their intimacy.

"We might never have met," he said. "It was quite, quite an accident."

"Yes," she smiled. "You restored my confidence in turnings."

"In turnings?"

"When I was a child, I thought that round every corner something wonderful was waiting. And then for years the same sort of people seemed to recur like decimals, just a lot of different editions of the same thing. And then I met you."

"And I was prejudiced to the verge of rudeness. I hardly listened to what you said."

"Yes, and after making up your mind to hate me you had to climb back on to the fence and dangle your legs on the other side."

"But be fair. When I did come over to you, I capitulated entirely. I didn't keep one little defence in reserve. Whereas you, who have made a study of giving yourself away, always keep what you want to keep inviolate. You with your warm invulnerability!"

"Ah, how much I keep back from you!" she teased him and suddenly she caught sight of her watch.

Half past seven.

He saw her and asked how late it was. By the time they had got a taxi it was a quarter to eight. She was going in a diametrically opposite direction to his but she couldn't resist taking him part of the way—a very big part of the way—finally she dropped him like a hot potato, it was easier like that, and spurring on her taxi, she rushed to the other side of London.

She was calling for a very dear friend at his office and she was at least three-quarters of an hour late. Would he be hurt or offended, or both? Would she have to spend the whole evening soothing and smoothing his ruffled feelings till she ended, as she always did in those circumstances, by saying more than she had meant to, by fanning flames she wanted to keep low and then making desperate efforts to retrieve her indiscretion?

"I will have a nice evening," she thought as she saw herself see-sawing from one extreme to the other. And then she would have to make up her mind whether or not to lie about what had kept her—she who loathed lying. And if she didn't, she would be inflicting extra pain and opening up interminable vistas of questionings and justifications and extenuations—and—so it seemed to her—vulgarizations.

She drove up to the office and rang the bell. No answer. Could it be that he had lost patience and left? She rang again. So even he had come to the end of his patience with her. She thought she could see a light. Better telephone in case he hadn't heard. She crossed the road in search of a telephone and ran straight into him.

She rushed into a stream of blame and accusation.

"So you couldn't even wait for me?"

"My dear," he said, "this is divine of you. It is like you to have given me this lovely surprise."

Bewildered, she looked at him—surely this was rather crude irony?

"What surprise?"

"Why to have come so gloriously unexpectedly early. You sometimes hurt me and make me angry, but you always make up for it by some little gesture of tenderness, some unhoped for gift."

"What time is it?" she asked, dazed.

"Just half past seven."

"But, then it must have been half past six."

"What must have been half past six?"

"An hour ago," she answered inanely.

But he hardly listened.

"Thank you, my darling," he said, kissing her hand.

She smiled.

"I did have rather a rush," she said.

To her he is a thief. He has stolen an hour and a gesture.

ELIZABETH BIBESCO.

Loss and Gain

A Reinforced Conversation

THE lights were sparkling about the edges of the particular roof garden known as the Hurricane Deck, and beyond them the terraced buildings of the upper city traced a sky line like that of ancient Babylon. The jazz music ceased and the dancers returned to their tables, where the shaded candles cast red light on white cloths, and turned the glasses of water into—No, there is a subject which more than the weather betrays conversational poverty. Let us talk of the heat. But hold. Our renunciation is in vain. At the edge of the band stand there is a tall energetic figure, and a determined voice rises above the languid clicking and shuffling and humming. A drive is on. "Are you willing to give up without a protest the most sacred inheritance ever given to mankind?" Certainly not. Is it a Liberty Loan or the Red Cross? No, it is the Volstead Act that is in danger. In a moment, we are assured, ladies "who have seen service overseas" (oh, happy ambiguity!) will accost us for contributions to the sacred cause of human rights. Who will refuse the price of a single cocktail to make the world safe for light wines and beer?

The subject is forced upon us and we debate it more eagerly as the collectors draw nearer. We consider the reduction in the liquor bill of the nation—a great sum saved. Who gets it? The argument is spiked by a comparison of dinner checks which skilfully dissimulate the price of sev-